

GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE *Christmas Number*



The Origins of Playing Cards

by ARTHUR W. RUFFY

FREYA STARK

SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS

HECTOR BOLITHO

ROM LANDAU

EDWARD CRANKSHAW

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

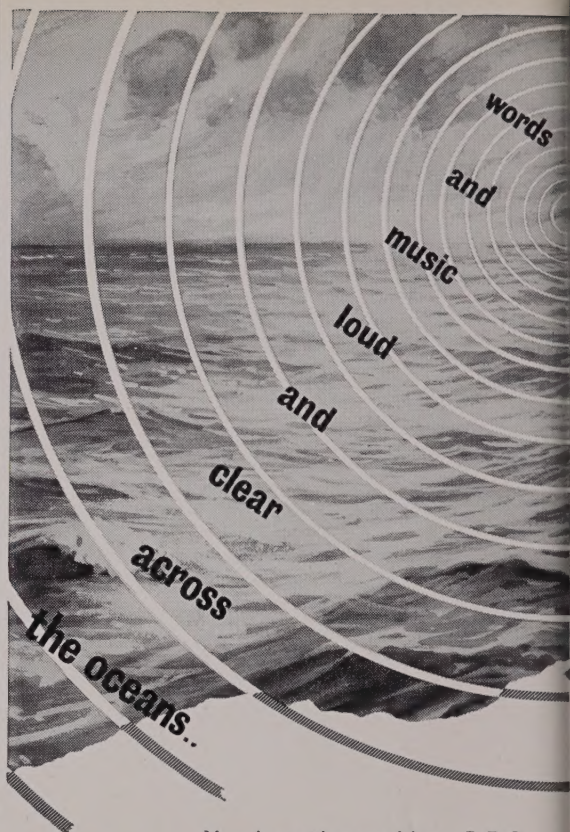


The only sweet with these
*lovely fruit
liqueur centres*

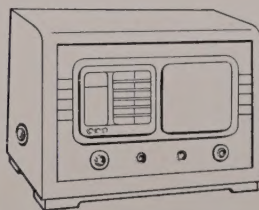
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Outposts

by SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS, K.C.M.G., C.B., C.B.E.

Scattered over the whole maritime world and planted deep within many of the continents, the outposts of our 'way of life' were established by methods no longer adequate to withstand the forces that threaten them today. Much wisdom and experience underlie Sir Stephen Tallents' exposition of the new technique needed to maintain such outposts and the vital exchanges dependent on them

"OUTPOSTS all", my host had said, as we straightened ourselves from bending over half-a-dozen air photographs on his table. I had seen at first sight that they spanned many centuries, but had myself discovered no connection between them. "Hatra, Cyrene, Conway, Naarden, Palmanova, Abadan." My mind's first reaction to that calling of the roll was to summon up from memory the list of towns threatened by the Mississippi which echoes through Pare Lorentz's fine film, *The River*: "Natchez, New Orleans and St Louis; Cairo, Memphis and St Paul"; and there followed it the memory of other words in that film's recitative: "We built a hundred cities and a thousand towns, but at what a cost."

One only of the names recited by my host—Abadan—stirred immediate memories. A few weeks before in a Roman hotel I had seen women and children passing through on their homeward flight from the Persian Gulf to England. But the linking title—"Outposts all"—revived memories which that glimpse of a modern outpost in jeopardy had then stirred. It had brought back to me two winters and summers spent twenty years ago in the Baltic countries of Latvia and Estonia. The shop windows of Riga and Reval in those years were full of the household treasures—many of them 18th-century English—of the Baltic Germans. For centuries their owners had been the great landlords in the former Russian provinces of Estonia, Livonia and Courland; owners tracing a direct inheritance from the Knights of the Sword who, at the beginning of the 13th century, had established an outpost against the eastern threat of their day. How unexpectedly familiar my surroundings had seemed when, only a year later, I had found myself among the decaying country houses of Southern Ireland.

"Outposts all." The words reminded me that the land on which my own house is built had been made over, just three years before the Knights of the Sword were abolished, to that other Order, the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem, whose purpose came

to be to maintain a line of Christian outposts against the pagan threat to the Holy Places and to the Mediterranean Sea. It brought back to me, too, a pilgrimage which I had twice made on foot as a young man along Hadrian's Wall in Northumberland, that outpost of Rome against the northern invaders; brought back a recent memory of war years spent in Broadcasting House and of the secretly conveyed and strangely moving letters which the daily bulletins of the B.B.C. to an enemy-occupied Europe had won from outposts of brave resistance on the Continent.

"Hatra, Cyrene, Conway, Naarden, Palmanova, Abadan." Abadan apart, Cyrene was the name most vivid to me in that roll, as the African city which built up its commercial fortunes largely by trading in a local medicinal plant known as *silphium*. I had been brought up on the Classics, and still had some picture of the thrust of Greek colonial outposts on Mediterranean shores. Only a few weeks before I had visited Paestum and had admired the singular beauty of the temples, one of them embodying the technical refinements of the Parthenon itself, which it owed to the Greek colony of Poseidonia. There was an outpost which had contributed richly to the country in which it was established. Naarden, too, came alive for me, thanks to the remarkable study which Miss Wedgwood contributed to this Magazine in April 1950 of the Dutch history illustrated in the windows of the church of St John at Gouda. For Naarden, to the south-east of Amsterdam, was a symbol of the resistance which the Dutch, aided by the English, had sustained through three generations against the Spanish attempt to create in Holland a Roman Catholic bulwark to stay the march of a Reformation which had swept across half of Germany, and through Holland to England; as well as of Dutch resistance to the French under Louis XIV.

Conway Castle I had seen as a boy and remembered that it had been the first castle to be built by Edward I in Wales to hold in check the recalcitrant Welsh. But Hatra and



Anting Aerasurveys

The eastern frontier of the Roman Empire was disputed from the 2nd to the 7th century A.D. with a neighbouring empire which the Romans never conquered: that of the Parthians and the Sassanian Persians. Hatra, between the Tigris and Euphrates, lay on an important trade-route and was fortified by the Parthians with a stone wall about four miles round. The Roman Emperor Trajan besieged Hatra without success in A.D. 117 and attacks led by Septimus Severus in 199 and 200 also failed. On the last occasion the Parthians hurled burning naphtha upon their Roman opponents' heads; thus anticipating the modern significance of mineral oil in the Middle East

Palmanova? Here I had to rely on my host's better knowledge of history. Hatra, between the Tigris and Euphrates, I learned, had been an outpost of the Parthians against the Roman power, on that never-stabilized Eastern frontier which exemplified what Mr P. N. Ure (*Justinian and His Age*) has called "the curious delusion that the Roman empire embraced the whole world"—a delusion which "prevented the Romans from ever dealing on equal terms with any communities outside the empire". The Romans often besieged Hatra but never captured it: the Eastern neighbour remained throughout their history an unresolved problem. In the fortifications of Palmanova Napoleon, in pursuit of his vision of a Kingdom of Italy, had built a defensive outpost on the highway between Vienna and Trieste to mask a Hapsburg Empire seemingly secure.

With what different eyes I should have viewed five of those six photographs forty years ago. Viewed in the seemingly stable

world of 1911, they would have seemed little more than reminders of bygone centuries, in which the world had still been in flux and the boundaries of the nations subject always to challenge. Today these photographs of ancient and abandoned strongholds excite not only the curiosity of scholars. They arouse in the ordinary men and women of the Western world new feelings of sympathy and comradeship.

There is a certain irony in the fact that today the physical frontiers of the nations are secured by new international controls which render them in peace less open to violation by arms, if not by ideas. For beneath that surface of international regulation all the frontiers of the world are in jeopardy. Outposts, which even forty years ago seemed secure and permanent habitations, have been surrendered or are calling urgently for immediate and active defence. Today, to take the nearest but not the only example, all Western Europe, with the United States at

Cyrene, at the nearest point of Africa to Greece, was one of the oldest Greek colonial outposts. The pattern of the Greek city-states was spread from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic, at first by commerce and later by the Macedonian and Roman conquests. Many of these cities, absorbed into their environment, have outlasted the civilization that originated them

Hunting A





The outposts of a military domination are only effective within narrow limits. The walls of Conway were built in 1284: the language and distinctive culture of Wales are still very much alive

its back, is become an outpost in the defence of peace, not only against new and threatening armies but against new and corrupting ideas. No town or village in the United Kingdom but has thus been forced to change and enlarge its horizon, and to take on with that change, however imperceptibly, something of the outlook which once belonged to the burghers of Naarden, the sentries on the Roman Wall and the Euphrates.

But the nature and the weapons of war, and

with them the character of its outposts, have changed. Armaments have increased in speed and range; ideas have become essential and potent projectiles. The strong-post in the modern outpost line is to be found not, like those ancient fortified cities, at the enemy's gates, but often hundreds, even thousands, of miles from the threatened frontier, in remote airfields, in distant broadcasting stations.

There, of necessity inconclusive, let the

reflections suggested by five of the photographs on the table pass into the queue that waits on history. But the sixth?

Abadan is an example of a new type of outpost, distinguished from four out of the other five by virtue of the fact that it was established, not for warlike or political, but for peaceful and economic purposes. In this quality it did not lack ancient precedents: Cyrene may be reckoned among them. Two clues have suggested in recent months that there is here a field for historical research of great interest. Only last August Mr R. Meiggs was outlining to a joint meeting of the British Classical Societies at Cambridge the results of his own study of the quest of the Egyptians and the Greeks for ship's timber. He described how the Pharaohs and Ptolemies struggled to control for that purpose the cedars of Lebanon; how the cities of Greece, cut off by the Persians from Thrace and Macedonia, turned first to Epirus and southern Italy and back again, after the

disaster of Syracuse, to Macedonia. Lord Kinross has lately recalled vividly in a broadcast talk the outposts established by Spain in western Ireland as a base for a Spanish fishing fleet which already in the 16th century numbered 600 boats. Up to the present century, he said, the oldest inhabitants of Dingle could remember houses built "in the Spanish fashion, with stone balconies and marble doorways".

These bygone commercial outposts, no doubt, contributed to the winning of alien resources a skill which the owners of those resources did not possess. The making of twenty-foot oars, for example, as Mr Meiggs remarked, demanded great skill both in forestry and workmanship. But modern scientific and technical discoveries have multiplied the contribution which such an outpost can make today to the country in which it is stationed. They have also enlarged the benefits which such an outpost can yield to the country that mans it. Modern political

Naarden, south-east of Amsterdam, survives from the 17th century to show that where resolute men have dug themselves last ditches, the outposts of their resistance can become permanent in peace

KLM—Royal Dutch



developments have in the meantime made the relation between host and outpost more delicate and more difficult.

The resolution of that difficulty is today a major world problem. Upon it depends the peaceful realization of a process outlined in President Truman's now famous "fourth point". The problem is how to secure that the scientific knowledge and world-wide technical experience of the more advanced countries shall be applied to the release of resources possessed by countries as yet lacking the ability to make the best use of them. No such application can be made effective without a point of physical contact; and it is at that point of contact—the modern outpost—that the difficulties of the partnership are most sharply defined and most keenly felt.

The main difficulties are obvious. There

is the danger that the country in which the outpost is established will regard it merely as an invading instrument of exploitation and perhaps political interference. There is the danger that the foreign agency establishing and maintaining the outpost will shape it merely as a self-contained extension of itself. Here, evidently, is a new technique yet to be fully mastered.

Of that technique experience alone can determine the full requirements; but some of the main demands which it will make of the country establishing the outpost are clear. Its policy must be to create a true partnership and in so doing, even at some initial cost to itself, to employ to their full capacity—never to displace—competent local resources of material, labour and intelligence; to develop by training the skill and technical knowledge

When Napoleon built Palmanova as a defensive outpost against the might of the Hapsburg Empire, Italy was merely "a geographical expression"; in our day, the Hapsburg Empire is not even that

ing Aerasurveys





Hunting Aeros

Abadan, evacuated in default of an enduring partnership with the Persians. Many countries besides Britain and Persia now face the problem of re-defining the relation between outpost and host

of its hosts; to enlist with sympathy, imagination and unflagging patience the cooperation of its partner, and by a vivid and truthful projection of its purpose, the understanding and the goodwill of the people among whom its work has to be conducted. These ends will only be secured if there are drawn into outpost work of this modern type men and women of as good a quality as is to be found in their home country.

Here is perhaps the most difficult condition for Britain, at least, to satisfy. In these days of full employment, of export and rearmament stresses, it is harder than ever before in our

history to secure the best men for jobs which will take them overseas without the opportunity of there making their homes. For the rest it may surely be claimed that, while Britain's resources of men, finance and material are strained to a new limit, her intangible resources remain unequalled. She has a unique legacy of bygone oversea experience; and she has won the title to that experience by inherent qualities of which no loss of material resources need deprive her and which still offer her, in a field now to be re-charted, opportunities at least equal to those which any other nation can enjoy.

Women in Russia

by EDWARD CRANKSHAW

In the effort which we must constantly renew to understand what makes the Russian clock tick, we suffer under many handicaps. Not least of these is the fact that half the population of Russia scarcely appears at all on the public stage from which we are compelled to derive our impressions. Why is this? Mr Crankshaw, who has been twice in Russia during and since World War II and whose publications include Russia and the Russians and Russia by Daylight, gives an interesting answer

ONE of the saddest things about our time is that the Russians are becoming faceless. People think of Mr Molotov, try to translate him into terms of everyday life, and fall back defeated. Or, if they have served in Berlin or Vienna, they remember the boot-faced Russian sentries with their tommy-guns and spike-bayonets. Or, to widen the field, they picture the younger school of Russian diplomats, Gromyko, Malik, Zinchenko; the faces of the great marshals, Zhukov, Koniev, Voronov, Rokossovsky: and there again are the closed features, the stern, impassive countenances of men immune from human emotions. There are fewer women on show: but these few exhibit the same characteristics, whether the sturdy young women controlling the traffic in the first days of the Russian occupation, or the elderly delegates to this or that congress. All have the same bleak air.

And so people assume that since the Revolution the Russians have undergone a fundamental change of character. Is it possible, they ask, that the old feckless, impulsive, uninhibited spirit can survive the robotry of Stalin's astonishing regime? And, if it has not survived, what has taken its place?

But it does indeed survive. There were poker-faced Russian diplomats before the Revolution. Nobody in his senses would answer for Mr Molotov; but I know for a fact that most Russian diplomats of the new school, behind their blank façades, are every inch Russians. Mr Malik certainly is; and so, in his way, is Mr Gromyko. The bulk of the marshals and generals are astonishingly Russian. The Russian on parade has always been stiff, oppressively correct, and a stickler for the protocols and forms. The trouble is that nowadays we never see him off parade.

This may seem an odd introduction to a discussion of Russian women. But the best way into any subject is via the little we know. People outside Russia know next to nothing about Russian women because they never see them and because women play a smaller part in the higher political life of the Soviet Union than they do in most Western countries. Our impression of the Russian today is almost exclusively derived from the men—and the men on parade. The women, inside Russia, are rarely on parade. In them you may see, far more quickly and clearly than in the men, that the Russians, in their hearts, have not changed. They have acquired different manners and a few new ideas; there are more purposeful individuals than there were fifty years ago; the barrier between their public faces and their private faces is more impenetrable than it used to be. It may even be that as time goes on the hateful correctness of the public face may gradually extinguish the private face. But I don't think so. Here again the women tell us more than the men: their lives are freer and, in a sense, more irresponsible. In them may be seen a remarkably exact reflection of the women of the 19th-century Russian novelists; so that today, when people ask me what the Russians are like, I tell them to read Turgenev for his vulnerable and ardent heroines, romantic, yet strangely more aware of the deadly realities of life than their more sensible and sober English cousins; Tolstoi, for Natasha Rostova with her reckless delight in living; Chekhov, for the exaggerated sensibility of the three sisters, who, nevertheless, even as their vitality ebbed away over countless cups of tea, clung stubbornly to themselves. How can one possibly generalize about the Russian woman when faced with



Madame Kollontai, the sole survivor of the women prominent in the Revolution

these sharp contrasts? But I think one can. In all of them we find one common feature which marks them off from the women of every other country—an unquenchable impulsiveness and an absolute refusal to be anything but themselves. That spirit still lives.

I can well imagine the ardent feminist barely stifling indignation at this introduction. Is not Russia the one country in the world where women have absolutely equal rights with men, do the same work for the same pay, the cleverest and most skilled, the dirtiest and most rough? Yes, all that is true; but the fact remains, as I have already suggested, that the really striking thing about women in Russia is the small part they play in great affairs. I think this is symptomatic and enormously important.

Who, when all is said, are the women in Russian public life today? Where are they? There are a number of woman deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the Union and the various subsidiary Soviets; but with the single exception of the sole survivor of the women of the Revolution, Madame Kollontai, there is not a woman in the inner circle of the Communist Party, which rules the Soviet Union. There is not, to my knowledge, a single woman Party secretary among all the senior Party organizations. There are over fifty members of the Council of Ministers; but there are no women among them, nor, I

Manual workers : whether on dam construction—



SIB, Moscow



Robert Capa-Magnum

—or on the farm, the women outnumber the men

believe, among their deputies. There are no great public services led by women and staffed by women, such as the women's auxiliary services in this country. More importantly still, with the one exception of Madame Molotov, who is no longer in the public eye, none of the wives of any of the great public men plays any visible part in the leadership of the country or assists her husband in any public way. And this means in effect that in the Soviet Union, the land of equal rights and opportunities for women, women in fact play next to no role in political life.

It is very much the same in the field of literature and the creative arts. The artistic life in Russia is a man's life. In England the women novelists, for example, are no less prominent than the men; in Russia they can be numbered on the fingers of one hand, despite the tremendous stress laid on the importance of literature and the arts at large. I know of no important Russian woman composer, of very few woman painters. And yet, we are told, women play a tremendous part in the life of the intellect. Where are they? You will find them not in politics, not in the arts, not in public leadership: you will find them in the universities, the laboratories, the hospitals, the courts of justice, the middle grades of state officialdom—in a word, in the professional classes, where they have a job to do and can get on with it. You will find them, similarly, in the theatre, acting, dancing, singing. And, of course, you will find them in their millions in every factory, on every farm, outnumbering the men. They drive the trams of Moscow; they fell timber in the forests; they clear the snow from the city streets, working all the bitter night through under the glare of arc-lamps. In war they do every job that was ever done by men, including deep-coal-mining and navvying. They also



Associated Press

Fighter: as a lieutenant in the Russian army she killed over 300 Germans in World War II

live and sometimes fight as men in the forward areas. Indeed, they are equal. And yet. . .

The greatest woman in the history of Russia, Catherine II, was not a Russian at all, but a German princess. The Tsarina Alexandra, whose influence over Nicholas II so heavily contributed to his downfall, which precipitated the Bolshevik Revolution, was also a German. What other great female figures have there been in the history of modern Russia who have plainly influenced their country's affairs? There has been no great Russian ruler, like Elizabeth of England; no great Russian heroine, like Florence Nightingale; no great Russian authoress, like Jane Austen or the Brontës or George Eliot; no great Russian reformer or explorer, like Margery Fry or Gertrude Bell. Russian history is devoid of women. The Stalin regime has carried on the old tradition. In the first flush of the Revolution there were a number of women revolutionary leaders: but they had no successors.

This absence of women from the commanding heights of pre-revolutionary Russia was not at all due to the fact that women were oppressed. On the contrary, those who cared to could live a singularly emancipated life. There were women doctors, women factory owners, women landlords taking an active interest in the running of their own estates. These were women of intellect and character. They had every opportunity to appear on the

public stage; but they did not do so. And it is the same today, at a time when Russia's need for gifted and intelligent leadership in every sphere is urgent to the point of desperation. The most brilliant women sit back and give way to men of patent inferiority.

This, on the face of it, is a curious state of affairs in the country of the emancipated woman. It is worth looking into.

With their tremendous opportunities, why is it that Soviet public life is so devoid of women? I think the answer is that the Russian women are too honest to want to



SIB, Moscow

Administrator: she was an officer before the war; is now captain of a refrigerator ship

take part in public life. There are exceptions. There are the thousands of women in the lower Party organizations but they do not shape policy, they merely carry it out. Then there are the women of really keen intellect, who almost invariably drift into scientific or technical work. This is to be expected, since all the emphasis is on science and technology. But it is also, I think, symptomatic of the Russian woman's unconscious attitude. The Russian woman is a patriot. But, I think, she is more honest than the Russian man. In science, even in the Lysenko age, she can work to the top of her bent without perjuring herself. In all the subsidiary jobs all over the Union which are manned by women she is merely the passive instrument of a government whose policy, if she thinks at all, she despises. She will accept it as a necessary

evil; but she will not make it her own. The men are different. Even in Russia, where self-deception is comparatively rare, they deceive themselves more easily than the women, and persuade themselves that they are doing something important and good, when, in fact, they are only making careers for themselves along the line of least resistance.

This lack of interest in politics does not mean that the Russian young woman is not a patriot. I remember in 1941 there was a great deal of concern in Moscow about the attitude of the droves of young girls who were then showing a distressing interest in clothes, make-up and other frivolities. True, their clothes were not very good. True, their make-up consisted of a very sticky lipstick, a coarse and vivid nail-varnish, and face-powder in rather arbitrary shades—all provided by the State Cosmetic Trust originally sponsored by Madame Molotov, who thought that even Bolshevik girls ought to try to look smart. They were popularly called *Fordinki*, or *Little Fords*, because of their mass-

girls, and all the rest. They showed they were tough as Russian women always have been; and they did atrocious jobs in atrocious conditions, often under fire, as resolutely as their peasant sisters from the collectives.

Not all the young girls are *Fordinkis*. More, indeed, in adolescence and early womanhood, are filled with a very serious purpose. They may understand nothing of the Kremlin line, and care less. But they take an immense and rather solemn pride in their country's achievements and their own part in them. Round-faced, heavy-bosomed, tough, dressed rather dingily in uniform or the unofficial uniform of the serious young Komsomol, they play their part in the transformation of Mother Russia from the mud and squalor of the backward village to the glory of the Moscow Underground. What happens then? Nearly all Russian girls marry and have children very young; and in this respect the emancipation of women does not fulfil the promise of the early days of the Revolution. The Russian woman of today is required to produce children; and, if she does so in quantity, she receives a medal and becomes a Heroine Mother of the Soviet Union. Divorce is made extremely difficult. Abortion is forbidden by law. Promiscuity is heavily discouraged. Everything is done for the sake of the birthrate, to emphasize the sanctity of marriage. Or not quite everything. For women are still required to work. There is a profound conflict between the need for more and better children and the need for

Fordinki or Little Fords who are so called because of their mass-produced appearance



SIB, Moscow

Students at Moscow University, the way to the laboratory, the hospital, or the courts of law

produced appearance. They were considered anti-social and unworthy of the high traditions of the Revolution. Their frivolity inspired dire prophecies of woe. But, when the time came, they were found to be Russians; and there was infinite pathos in the transformation of the *Fordinkis* into war-workers, nurses, medical orderlies, balloon-barrage



Robert Capa-Magnum

woman-power in the factories and the fields, in the offices and the laboratories. Those who do not marry, or whose married life is unsatisfactory, tend to go on working hard for the glory of Russia and Stalin for the rest of their lives. But those who marry and have children come up early against the hard realities of life under Stalin and soon lose their first constructive enthusiasm. But they do not lose their enthusiasm for life. Nor do they actively revolt against Stalin, even in their hearts. By and large, they see in government a necessary evil, and expect it to be foolish in its ways.

What we overlook in the West, when we wonder why the Russians do not revolt more openly against their government, is the capacity of the Russian woman for making a home, ignoring government tyranny, and keeping astonishingly cheerful in the most contrary circumstances. I remember, in a provincial town deep in the central plain during the first dreadful winter of the Russian war, a group of very sturdy young peasant women were

breaking logs out of the ice by the riverside under the eye of a single armed sentry. As they worked they sang and cursed and laughed in irrepressible high spirits. These were not little girls, but women of twenty-five to thirty on some form of compulsory labour; and I remember watching with a sense of hopelessness: if they could treat conditions like those as a joke, how could they ever hope to get rid of the Kremlin tyranny? And then reflected that these women, in their degree, felt no more strongly than the British private soldier, grumbling and joking on active service. It was all part of life, and you shrugged your shoulders and got on with it—and went on, as best you could, being yourself.

I have spoken, so far, of the unprivileged Russian woman, who has to work for her living, and in war-time to suffer like the troops. But nowadays, fast growing, there is another class, the privileged. I don't mean the actresses, the dancers, and so on, who probably have not a thought in their heads outside their careers, their professional intrigues, and their art, which they take very seriously indeed. I mean, rather, the wives and daughters of the rich and successful, who are rapidly coming to form a caste of their own. These have no obligations, no duties, and, apparently, no social conscience. During the war they did no national service: they allowed their husbands to send them deep into the interior, to Ufa, to Alma Ata, to Tashkent, and frittered away their days and nights like the wives and daughters of 19th-century provincial nobles—but with far less connection with the life of the country around them, because of their total lack of responsibility. In Soviet Russia, where everything is run by the State, and private enterprise does not exist, there are no women's committees, societies, charitable institutes. One is either of the hive, or outside it; and this new caste of privileged women is outside it.

It is hard to think how it could be otherwise. The reason is that these women have no settled place in a graded hierarchy. The wife of the brilliant general, of the MVD chieftain, of the popular author, of the most able Minister, of the highly placed Party Secretary—all these wives, and their daughters, today enjoy privileges, to which they naturally cling, which remove them absolutely from the lives of their fellow-countrymen; and yet tomorrow, through no act of their own, with no warning at all, they may wake up to find



Ballerina: Ulanova maintains a great tradition

their husbands arrested, dismissed, broken, or liquidated—and with this the loss of their whole mode of existence. They are back again in the faceless mass—hard put to it to find work to keep body and soul together; and worse off than if they had never known another state. For with their husbands' fall they lose not only their privileges and their very means of subsistence, but also their friends, who draw away, afraid of contamination by contact with a family in disgrace.

It is this, more than anything, I think, which explains the extraordinary frivolity and irresponsibility of the women who should be the leaders of Soviet society. In the first place, the chanciness and the deceptions involved in the careers of the privileged men tend to attract a poor type of women—those who want quick returns and will gamble on success. In the second place, there is no stability upon which a decent life can be founded. Even those women who do make a career of their own are forced, when married to husbands in prominent positions, to develop a mentality which, to say the least, is not conducive to fruitful feminism. I remember, for example, an extremely distinguished Leningrad actress, married to a Party official, happily married and with several children. One evening she was warned by an acquaintance in the know that her husband was to be arrested that night. She made up her mind quickly, returned home, packed her bags, collected her children, deposited them with her parents, and went straight to the registry office to apply for a divorce: this was in the days of comparatively easy divorce. She never set eyes on her husband again, even to warn him or to say goodbye. The story got round, and for a short time this woman found herself so unpopular that she had to retire from the stage. But soon the mood was changed; and once more, beginning in another city, she became the adored idol. After all, people asked themselves, what would they have done in her place? Her husband was past saving. At least, by disowning him, she had secured a decent start in life for her children.

I do not say that this is a characteristic action; but it is by no means an uncommon one. Russia also has her heroines without number: women who stand by their disgraced husbands and fathers to the last, cost what it



SIB, Moscow

A Heroine Mother, honoured for the size of her family

may, and however useless their sacrifice may be. I tell that story only as an illustration of the strains and stresses placed on women who move in high Soviet circles and thus are vulnerable—of the premium placed on frivolity and selfishness. And I tell it to suggest that while the regime persists in its present form, women will not make their mark on the policies of the Kremlin. As for the others, too honest to twist the facts of life as lived in Soviet Russia, they will not turn themselves into writers and politicians. Instead, those who would be active find outlets in the impersonal professions, where their brains can function comparatively unmoved by politics. While the ordinary woman of Russia gets on with her appointed work, bread-winning with her husband, she plays no part in public life; but in the private life, behind the façade which is seen by the foreign visitor, she is supreme—as mother, wife, nurse, or, most powerful of all, as grandmother—the *babushka* of immemorial tradition. I think this means that the Russian woman is still, as she always has been, the passive ruler of Russia. She accepts the regime, and yet she is not of it. She is the keeper of her country's soul.

The Origins of Playing-Cards

by ARTHUR W. RUFFY

THE origin of playing-cards is an intriguing mystery, a puzzle that remains unsolved in spite of much research. There are two schools of thought: on the one hand those who support the theory of an Eastern origin, and on the other those who claim that they were invented in Europe. Only one thing seems to be certain: playing-cards were not known in Europe until the second half of the 14th century.

Supporters of the Eastern theory attempt to trace the history of cards to the earliest times



British Museum

"A title-page from an old Chinese work", taken from Breitkopf's book of 1784, shows that European cards were used in China at an early date



Chinese cards from packs in the British Museum : (left) from a thirty-piece pack of five suits ; (right) black king, from a fifteen-piece pack

and link them with the ancient rites of the feathered arrow and the magic circle. Korean cards, it is pointed out, have a pictured arrow on their backs "to flaunt their lineage". If this theory of an Eastern origin could be proved it would follow that playing-cards in some form or other were known and used in most Eastern countries for some centuries before being introduced into Europe.

In 1895 Mr Stewart Culin, an American authority, claimed that "playing-cards existed in China in or before the 12th century. . ." Be this as it may it is not possible to accept that they "were introduced into Europe from China in the 13th century . . .", for it is unlikely that playing-cards were known and used in Europe for one hundred years without being recorded. Mr Culin continues: "certain Chinese cards . . . were imitated from Chinese paper notes which have pictorial symbols of their value. These pictures furnished the suit-marks of the Chinese pack, and, copied again in Europe, . . . gave rise to the suits of coins, clubs, swords and cups . . ." This is difficult to follow, for the early Italian suit-mark of coins has nothing in common with the Chinese suit-mark of coins, and there is indeed little connection between Chinese and European packs. If playing-cards were known and used to any extent in China in the 13th century it is surprising that Marco Polo failed to comment on the game.

Breitkopf, a German writer, dealing with the theory of a Chinese origin, reproduces "a title-page from an old Chinese work" showing

Chinese playing a game with cards. It would have been of particular interest had a date been given to this "old Chinese work", for the players are using European cards.

A second Eastern theory that playing-cards originated in India has received a deal of support. They are supposed to have been introduced into Eastern Europe by gypsies related to an obscure Hindu tribe who during their wanderings used playing-cards for fortune-telling. But it is generally accepted that gypsies did not reach Europe before 1417, or some fifty years after cards were first known in Italy.

It is also argued that playing-cards are but an adaptation of the game of chess which developed about A.D. 650 from a game played by Hindu mountain shepherds. The connections between the two games are not however particularly striking. As Merlin points out chess is a game purely of calculations and combinations; in cards success depends on chance, the combinations coming into play only after the deal. In chess the pieces are exposed; in cards a knowledge of the 'hand' is carefully hidden.

That there are several points of similarity between the Indian game and the Spanish *hombre* is not necessarily an argument in favour of the Indian theory, for it may well be that the Spanish game was copied by the Indians rather than the other way round. Without admitting that cards have no earlier history in India, writers agree that the first reference to the subject is in the memoirs of the Emperor Babur, A.D. 1527. European cards were certainly in India before then, for the

Portuguese were settled at Goa in 1510.

If playing-cards came from China or India it is surprising that no reference to the fact has been discovered in any European document of the period, and it is even more surprising that there is so little similarity in design and make-up between the early European cards and those from which they are said to have been adapted.

The Chinese pack consisted of three suits, of coins, strings of coins and myriads of coins, with a total of thirty cards, each from three to four inches long and a half to an inch wide. The Japanese had twelve suits each of four cards only. The suit-marks were flowers representing the months of the year, and each card measured about two inches by one-and-a-quarter. The suits in the Indian pack were either eight or ten with suit-marks representing the Incarnations of Vishnu. The cards, twelve in each suit, were circular, as were those of Persia.

From its inception the European pack had four suits, cups, swords, money and clubs, each of fourteen cards, plus twenty-two "Atouts" or trumps; seventy-eight cards in all, each about six-and-a-half inches long by three-and-a-half inches wide. The "court" or figure cards included a "Queen" whereas in Eastern packs the representation of a woman was not permitted.

Why this departure from the Eastern form? Alterations and changes introduced over a period could be understood, but there is no satisfactory explanation for the complete change made at the beginning. Furthermore, surely Eastern card games would have been

Modern Japanese cards, from two separate packs. In most of the twelve suits of each, three of the four cards comprising the suit are decorated with flowers emblematical of the month; to the remaining fourth card is added an animal, birds or butterflies



introduced with Eastern playing-cards, yet this did not happen.

The Egyptian theory is slightly different. In this case it is not that playing-cards originated in Egypt, but that the symbols of the original European cards, the "tarots", are connected with the worship of Thoth, the Mercury of the Egyptians. Count de Gebelin, dealing with the old Italian tarots, writes: "originally the twenty-two figures of the Atouts, or emblem part of the Tarots, were painted on the walls of the temples . . . to enable worshippers to recognize the sciences, arts, and conditions represented by the figures and their attributes when it was wished to consult them. . ."

Other writers have called attention to the links with the cult of Mercury and the close connection between the first European suit-marks and the four emblems peculiar to Mercury: cup or chalice, sword, money and caduceus or wand. A similar argument based on these emblems has, however, been used to support the theory of an Indian origin for playing-cards, the cup, sword, ring (in this instance in place of money) and wand, being the four emblems held in the four hands of the deity Ardhanari.

Originally all cards were emblematic in character. Tarots, the earliest of all European playing-cards, at first unnumbered and unnamed, were intended purely for "instructive diversion" and mainly for the amusement of children. It is doubtful if they were used to any extent by adults before the numerals were added. That artists who painted and designed these tarots were influenced by ancient emblematic figures cannot be proved or denied, but it is not an unreasonable or impossible assumption.

All of which leads to the conclusion that the evidence does not confirm the claim that playing-cards were introduced into Europe from the East. There is in fact no evidence that in, or before, the 14th century, Eastern countries had any game broadly comparable with the game of cards. Had such a game existed, we would expect to find some reference to it in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, but there is none.

European playing-cards can therefore be regarded as an invention and not an importation, and this being so which country is to be given the credit for the invention?

The claim that they first appeared in Spain must be rejected for it is linked with the Eastern theory and based on the belief that the gypsies during their wanderings passed cards to the Moors who in due course intro-

duced them into Spain. It has never been suggested that playing-cards were invented by a Spaniard; cards were not manufactured in Spain before 1600, and tarots were never used in that country.

No case can be made out on behalf of England: her earliest cards belong to the early 17th century, and none of her games uses the tarots.

There are many references during the late 14th century to German cards and card-makers and undoubtedly Germany's connection with the early history of the subject is of great importance. But it does seem that in the main any claim on her behalf has been based on the assiduity of her craftsmen. All early references to the history of playing-cards suggest that cards were introduced into Germany; probably from Rome. Breitkopf does not go beyond claiming that cards were known at Nürnberg about 1380. This was after numerals had been added, and Germany does not appear to have known the tarots alone.

France does not come prominently into the picture until 1392, the year Jacquemin Gringonneur was commissioned to paint for Charles VI the now well-publicized *tarocco* cards responsible for the fable that playing-cards were invented for the amusement of a mad king. The cards were certainly adapted.

Some of the oldest cards extant are Italian, and the earliest authenticated records lend support to the claim that the birthplace of European playing-cards was in Italy. The tarots, the painted emblematic cards that preceded the numerals, first appeared in Venice, and to that city is given the credit for inventing the numeral sequence, the four suits added to the atouts for the game of tarocco, the first of all European card games. The earliest reference to numerals is in 1377, but doubtless they were invented before then.

Many leading Italian artists of the 15th century were commissioned to paint tarocco cards and several of these handsome and expensive productions still exist; all are delightful examples of the miniaturist's art, elaborately tooled, and decorated with gold and silver.

As playing-cards spread from Italy across Western Europe a few changes were introduced into the make-up of the pack. Some countries adopted 'national' suit-marks. Hearts, bells, leaves and acorns, became the emblems of Germany, the Low Countries, and parts of Northern Europe. France introduced hearts, diamonds, spades and clubs. The first cards in use in England were French. Other

Some of the most attractive, ornate and expensive cards in the world have come from India in the past, though now European card games and printed cards are normally used there. (Right) *The King (Moghul Emperor) of the white or silver suit (the moon)* in a Ganjifa pack painted on ivory, of the second half of the 18th century



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(Left) *Eight of the Krishna suit from a Dasavatara pack produced on lacquered paper in the 19th century. The suits are named after ten incarnations of Vishnu; the Krishna suit is the eighth. Indian cards were hand-painted and the making of the commoner varieties was once a thriving cottage-industry that today has almost disappeared*



The Knave of Coins, from a 15th-century Italian pack. It is painted, in water-colour against an illuminated background, by Antonio di Cicognara, who decorated the choir books in Cremona Cathedral and produced several sets of tarocco cards

carded, as were all the atouts with the exception of the Fool which remains as the present-day Joker. A pack of fifty-two cards in four suits resulted, and for some 500 years this has met all requirements.

Painted cards were of course quite unsuited for the new demands which necessitated shuffling and dealing, and by the end of the first quarter of the 15th century printed cards were in general use. The earliest, made in Germany, were from stencils; these were quickly followed by prints from wood-blocks and metal-plates.

National suit-marks did not prevent the production during the 15th and 16th centuries of many extremely interesting cards with fanciful and unusual emblems, mostly birds, flowers and animals. The Nine of Rabbits (page 385) is from "The Round Cards of Cologne" produced about 1470; an attractive set engraved in goldsmiths' technique. Each card is about two-and-three-quarters inches in diameter.

Double-headed figure cards appeared in France and Germany about 1820, but it was well into the century before the new pattern was generally adopted. Whole-length figure cards were in fact being printed in England as late as 1875. This was the one success of the many attempts made to change the design of the strange and grotesque characters of the court cards, and the only change of any importance since the 15th century. France named her court cards, and used

national and famous figures, including emblematical and biblical characters, but elsewhere the idea was never popular and its introduction was stubbornly opposed. It is doubtful if the double-headed cards would have been accepted had it not been for the advantage they held over the whole-length cards of being instantly recognizable when thrown on the table. And it should be noted that the design of the head and bust

countries including Spain and Portugal were satisfied to leave unchanged the Italian suit-marks of cups, swords, money and batons (clubs).

The size of the pack had become cumbersome and unwieldy; ninety-seven cards were used in the Florentine game of *minchiate*, and as cards were now the main instrument for gambling simplification was essential. One of the four court cards in each suit was dis-



(Left) *Nine of Rabbits* from a German pack of about 1470, engraved in goldsmiths' technique and known as "The Round Cards of Cologne". Its five suits comprise rabbits, parrots, pinks, columbines and roses. (Below) *King of Diamonds* of an early 16th-century French pack. It is one of eight figure-cards cut on one wood-block and printed in one sheet. The naming of figure-cards, as here, began in France in the 15th century

remained unchanged.

Although playing-cards became the main instrument for gambling the pack continued to be used for its original purpose: instructive diversion. The value and suit-mark usually appeared at the top of the card, often in a ruled-off panel, with the illustration and the information needed for the game printed below. Every subject from simple arithmetic, history and geography to the more complicated heraldry has been covered by these 'educational' cards.

Fortune-telling, the first development of the use of playing-cards, has never lost its connection with the game; special cards for this purpose have been printed in all countries, although of course during the last century or so fortune-tellers have been content to use the standard pack.

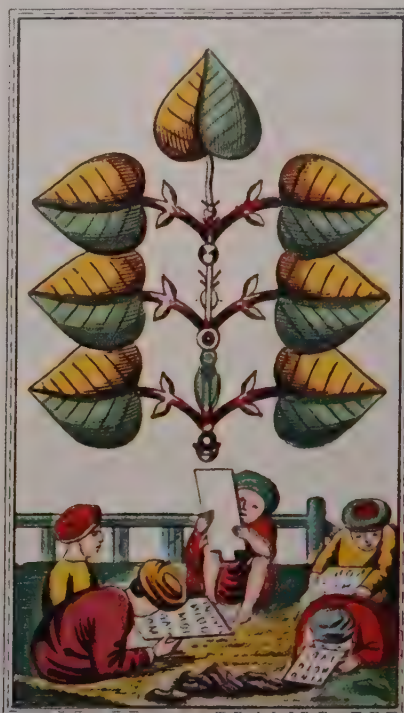
Playing-cards have always proved a profitable source of revenue. In England, in 1615, Letters Patent granted "Sir Richard Coningsby in return for a rent of £200 per annum the imposition of 5s. per gross on playing-cards." The first duty of six-





(Top, left) *Eight of Acorns*, from a mid-19th-century Russian pack. Although by 1825 Germany and Russia were using the French heart, diamond, spade and club suit-marks, the old ones were still being made. (Above) *Jack of Hearts* from Russia, third quarter of 19th century. (Below) *Seven of Leaves* from Austria, mid-19th century

(Below) *German Queen of Hearts*, about 1830



pence per pack was levied in 1711 and the amount was periodically increased until it reached the surprisingly high sum of 2s. 6d. per pack between 1801 and 1828. In the latter year the levy was reduced to one shilling, and further reduced to threepence in 1862, at which figure it remains.

However or wherever cards originated, whether they spread from East to West, or *vice versa*, they have enjoyed wide-spread popularity since the early 15th century. They became an essential item in the luggage of every traveller, and within a relatively short time of their invention European cards were known in every civilized country—and in most

(Below) *Jack of Clubs* from a tarocco pack of hand-coloured engravings designed by Dellarocca and issued in Milan about 1850. Only Italy produces tarocco cards today



(Above) *Spanish Knight of Cups* from a pack published in 1866. Numbering of cards began in Spain in 1801. The number of breaks in the top and bottom border-lines indicate the different suits

towns and villages. Writing of his journey through Spain in 1540 the Flemish author Eckloo remarks that although at times it was impossible to obtain the essentials for existence, even bread and wine, every miserable little village could produce playing-cards.

But they have lost their romance; no longer do they flaunt national emblems or characters. The suit-marks adopted by France in the late 14th century—hearts, diamonds, spades, clubs—are now used internationally, and for serious play—in plain language, gambling—no-one would dream of using other than the standardized pack. Cards bearing national suit-marks are produced in limited quantities in certain countries, and the Italian tarocco cards can be obtained with little trouble, but in the main these are curiosities for sale in the tourist market.

The King's Journeys

by HECTOR BOLITHO

A Century of British Monarchy, published in October, is the latest of many books that Mr Bolitho has written about our sovereigns from Queen Victoria onwards. At a moment when we are all concerned with the effect of the King's journeys on his health, it is fitting to be reminded of their long and varied record and of the high purpose and sense of duty by which they have been inspired

IN the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich there are some two hundred pictures that make the dead bones of our sea history come to life. Three of them might be used as curtains to our theme—the King's journeys.

The first shows the departure of Henry VIII's ships from Dover, in 1520, for his "contest in magnificence" with Francis I, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The sails are already bellying to the Channel wind, and the pennants ripple against the sky. Among the human figures—minute beneath the tall arches of masts and rigging—we recognize the King, and perhaps Sir Thomas More, looking back to the forts on shore, where the artist has painted the guns, emitting amiable spurts of smoke as they fire their volleys of farewell.

The second curtain shows us King Charles II arriving at the Hague from Breda, on May 15, 1660, when he was waited upon by a Committee of the Lords and Commons, inviting him to return to England. Eight days later the King embarked at Scheveningen to cross the Channel and assume the crown. Pepys wrote of the day: "The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princesse Royale, and Prince of Orange, came on board . . . we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down . . . very active and stirring. . . Under sail all night, and most glorious weather." At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th, King Charles was rowed ashore at Dover.

Two centuries pass, and we look on the third curtain. It shows Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, aged twenty-five, on board a French man-o'-war. The year is 1844. In the summer of 1843 Queen Victoria had been to stay with Louis-Philippe—the first time for more than 300 years that an English sovereign had paid a ceremonial visit to France. Queen Victoria described Louis-Philippe as being "in the third heaven of rapture".

The picture that we see was painted during

the return visit, when Louis-Philippe came to England, in October 1844. This time, the Queen was delighted and she wrote to her uncle: "The King praised my dearest Albert most highly and fully appreciates his great qualities and talents—and what gratifies me *so much*, treats him completely as his equal, calling him *Mon Frère*. . ."

These curtains, heavy with the rich colours and splendours of history, rise to reveal entirely different scenes. From the year 1860, the story is mostly of royal journeys into the New World. We come upon a significant episode to begin this theme: Prince Albert Edward of Wales wrote to his mother from Canada, in 1860, "Your telegram reached me in seven hours . . . the quickest time ever known."

The old ties with Europe were weakening: British monarchy was beginning its conquest of new oceans and of distant lands that had scarcely been mentioned in Queen Victoria's geography lessons when she was a child.

The first long journey made by King George VI was to the West Indies and Canada, in 1913, when he was a cadet on board H.M.S. *Cumberland*. He was the first future King to be educated without any call on the old, accepted pattern of travel in Europe. Instead of Sans-Souci, Versailles and the Parthenon, he saw banana plantations in Teneriffe and the pitch lake and oil wells of Trinidad; he fished in a Canadian river, and he danced with descendants of both French and British settlers in Quebec. He saw the New World before the Old, and this had a lasting effect on his mind and on his sympathies, for in no sense is he European, in thought or interests.

Late in the same year, Prince Albert, as he was then, went with his ship to the Mediterranean. During the brief cruise he met Lord Kitchener, who said afterwards: "He has an interesting mind." A few months later, the Prince's mind, and his character, were to be tested in war. On May 31, 1916, he played his part as second-in-command of a gun-turret in H.M.S. *Collingwood*, in the



By courtesy of the Earl of Scarborough, K.G., and the National Maritime Museum

The departure of Henry VIII (aboard the ship with the golden sails) from Dover on May 31, 1520, to meet Francis I at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. A contemporary painting by Vincent Volpe

Battle of Jutland: the first time a future King of England had been in a naval battle since 1780, when William IV, as a young man, fought in the siege of Gibraltar.

For some years after World War I ended, Prince Albert was occupied with life and tasks in England. He became a qualified pilot in the R.A.F., he went to Cambridge University for further education, he was created Duke of York, and, in April 1923, he was married. In the following year he began the journeys that have since made him the most travelled of all British kings.

In the winter of 1924 the Duke and Duchess of York went to shoot big game in East Africa. The next venture, to Australia and New Zealand, began the great royal progresses of the present King and Queen, which have helped to establish them in the fair opinion and affections of their subjects over-

seas. They made this first journey to the Antipodes when they were still young, and when there was no hint that they would be called on to assume the burdens of sovereignty. In a speech he made in Australia, the Duke said: "Take care of the children and the country will take care of itself." During World War II many of these children, grown to manhood, were decorated for gallantry in Buckingham Palace by the sovereign who had spoken to them fourteen or more years before. Thus began the new theme in royal journeys, the success of which did not depend on splendour, or diplomacy, but upon example and the quiet virtues of the human heart.

On January 20, 1936, King George V died, and eleven months later the Duke and Duchess of York, who loved their private life and had no ambition to rule, were called on to ascend the throne. King George V had not



By courtesy of the National Maritime Museum

The arrival of Charles II at the Hague from Breda, May 15, 1660, on the journey back to England for his restoration to the throne. Copied in 1738 by J. B. Bouttats from a contemporary picture

liked travel and he had usually been ill at ease when away from his island home. But the new King and Queen had the gift of a broader vision, and they soon proved that the English-speaking world—not merely Britain—was the kingdom of their interest.

In May 1939, for the first time, a King of Great Britain crossed the Atlantic. On the 17th, the King and Queen landed in Quebec and began the journey of some 6000 miles that took them as far as the Pacific coast and back. In Montreal they drove through twenty-three miles of streets; in Ottawa they drove to the Senate in an open landau, drawn by six bay horses, with an escort of the 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.

As one reads of this remarkable journey, one is reminded of the fact that Canada claims the King as her own, separate from the older, ancestral voices that speak to him from Westminster. It was as King of Canada that he travelled, from Toronto to Glengarry,

where he was welcomed in Gaelic; to White River and Port Arthur, Fort William and Winnipeg; Brandon, Regina, Calgary, the Rockies, and then to British Columbia. The King and Queen looked over the ocean where Drake had sailed, through "vile, thicke, and stinky fogges", 360 years before. The brass plate, declaring that Drake had "taken possession" of the land "in the name of Herr Maiesty Queen Elizabeth", had been found to the south, on the coast of California, only three years before the second Queen Elizabeth arrived, to make a different kind of conquest of the western shores of North America.

From Canada, the King and Queen crossed to the United States, and Washington, once more creating a precedent. No Sovereign of England had visited the American capital before. The royal party went to Mount Vernon, where George Washington had retired from the "wide and bustling world", and they stayed with President

Roosevelt at Hyde Park.

The King and Queen returned across the Atlantic and landed in England on June 22, ten-and-a-half weeks before World War II began. The choice of Canada and the United States for this pre-war adventure was fortunate, for these were to be the King's chief allies in the six years of conflict that followed.

During the war we come on a different theme in the story of the King's journeys. This young sovereign, who had fought at Jutland in 1916, travelled to almost every battle zone, in North Africa, Italy and France.

We glance once more at the curtains we raised on this story: we see the gaudy colours of King Henry's voyage to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1520; then we look back to a solemn, 20th-century figure, dressed in uniform, going wherever his troops and sailors would be refreshed by the sight of their King. This contrast between the gold sails of the Tudor enterprise and the war journeys of King George VI is intensified as we read of

him, in June 1943, leaving his island kingdom in an aircraft, for North Africa. Between June 12 and June 23, King George travelled 5800 miles and he kept almost fifty engagements. The list is formidable. During the eleven days, he lunched with French generals and he had a long conference with General Alexander; he visited the United States 5th Army at Oran, the British and U.S. Fleet at Algiers, and his own Air Force and troops in the Bône area. He lunched with the 78th Division, and he visited the 24th Guards Brigade, the 1st Army Headquarters, the Tank Regiments and the Tactical Air Force Headquarters. He lunched with the 8th Army at Tripoli, visited the 4th and 35th Divisions, and the 48th General Hospital. Then he sailed for Malta, where he inspected the underground workshops and defences and the R.A.F. Regiment and aerodromes.

One realizes what air-travel had come to mean as a way of making full use of the King's presence as an inspiration to his forces. He returned from Malta to North

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert aboard a French warship saying good-bye after Louis-Philippe's visit to this country in 1844. An engraving (after a painting by Biard) by Victor Adams, 1846



By courtesy of the National Maritime Museum

Africa and went again to the 8th Army in Tripolitania, to the troops of the 10th Corps and the 1st Armoured Division. He lunched with the 10th Corps in Tripoli, and spent a night at 8th Army Headquarters. Next day he inspected the Western Desert Air Force at Sorman, motored to Castel Benito aerodrome, and flew to Algiers, where he kept seven appointments in one day.

The King's war journeys were made in secrecy, and it is just that their magnitude should be considered now, for they have contributed to the unhappy state of his health during the past few years.

As the light of victory came, the King continued to make his expeditions, to France and Italy, to share the grim satisfaction of watching the defeat of his enemies. He crossed to France nine days after "D" day; and in July he travelled within sight of Rome to be with the troops who had landed at Anzio. If there

was time for imagination in such an hour, King George might have recollected—as he looked over the battleground from the Alban Hills—that 1901 years had passed since the Emperor Claudius visited his victorious legions on the banks of the Thames.

In February 1947 the King and Queen made their first peace-time journey, to South Africa. On the 17th, H.M.S. *Vanguard* reached Drake's "fairest Cape . . . in the whole circumference of the earth", and the royal party went ashore, to begin a journey of incredible organization and excitement. In this story of the tour of South Africa, we learn what a royal progress of the 20th century involves—with all the magic of science and invention. The royal train, painted white, was a third of a mile long. It was preceded by a pilot train carrying police, railwaymen, pressmen, photographers, a post-office and a telegraph-office. At the rear travelled a third

King George VI is the first King of Great Britain to cross the Atlantic. The outstanding success of his visit to Canada and the United States in 1939 proved the wisdom of making such journeys. Ottawa, like a hundred other cities outside Britain, acclaimed both the man and what he represents

Associated Press



Very different in circumstance from State visits in peace, the King's war-time journeys were equally the result of a profound concern for the interests of his subjects. Here he is seen inspecting a captured German tank at the conclusion of the victorious North African campaign in 1943 when he travelled 5800 miles in eleven days and undertook a formidable list of engagements



Crown Copyright, Imperial War Museum

train, with a repair gang. The train travelled from town to town—Swellendam, Port Elizabeth and East London; Bloemfontein, Kroonstad and Bethlehem. When he was not making speeches, the King was able to sit at his desk—a train telephone beside him—and continue the work he would have been doing at home. When the despatch-boxes from Whitehall caught him up, as they did, he could telephone his ministers in the United Kingdom from most of the railway stations at which the train stopped on the route.

The King and Queen left the train to drive through the Drakensberg Mountains to Basutoland; then they returned and went on to Natal, to Swaziland and the Transvaal. Once more we are reminded of the advantages of modern travel, that can bring the King into the presence of so many millions of his people. He saw the vineyards of the Cape, the ostrich farms at Oudtshoorn, the Chiefs of Swaziland, the Indians in Durban, and the swarms of miners on the Rand. The King and Queen went down a gold mine, and they saw, at a depth of almost 800 feet, the cramped black men digging out the gold. Then they flew 600 miles, from Pretoria to Salisbury. Again we are reminded of the miracles of our own time as we read of the King's Flight of Viking aircraft, flown out from England to carry the royal family on this part of the journey. The aircraft were waiting on the aerodrome at Pretoria, patiently and in order, as if they were beside the runway at Croydon where the King had taken his flying lessons, twenty-eight years before.

At the end of April the *Vanguard* carried the King and Queen back to England, after a journey that had covered 19,000 miles during thirteen weeks.

The years since then have been less exciting for the King, as a traveller. His ill-health has kept him tied to his island but, in his place, Princess Elizabeth is now making her conquest of the world—by air as well as sea. In October last, the Princess and the Duke of Edinburgh flew the Atlantic and crossed to the Pacific coast. While they were in Quebec, with the bells of 110 church steeples celebrating their arrival, they received news of a greater journey which they must undertake in the new year, in the King's name. Then they travel to Australia and New Zealand where there will be some old people alive, to remind them that 72 years have passed since the first future sovereign of England landed in the new countries; since Prince George came down to breakfast in an Australian home and found a wreath of roses around his breakfast plate. His hostess told him that they were "for Sunday and in memory of England."



Italy Fifty Years Ago— and Now

by FREYA STARK

The little hill-town of Asolo near Venice

Miss Stark needs no introduction to readers of this Magazine. Here she describes, in terms evoked by the skilful photography of an old family friend, a scene familiar to her childhood, so vividly recalled in the first volume of her recently published autobiography, Traveller's Prelude

ABOUT fifty years ago, the photographer lived in a den where flat porcelain pans held solutions whose innocent transparency left indelible stains on everything they touched. A little window was curtained with red cloth and covered over with black; and when he emerged, with glass plates and tripods and concertinas, he would himself duck and hide and reappear from under a black funereal pall. There was something of the mediaeval, of magic and the occult, about it all, and Science, one felt, was still a gentlemanly toy.

At this time our old friend, Herbert Young, in the little hill-town of Asolo near Venice, became enamoured of the art—art it was, as far as he was concerned—and photography replaced painting, which he abandoned. He did it all himself, writing out laborious lists of solutions and notices of the times of exposures. He practised on a variety of subjects, keeping the plates and, later, negatives in separate collections, marked sheep or flowers or market folk, or such—where the same ingredients

appeared over and over again with subtle differences of light or pose. And he enlarged his pictures on all sorts of papers, always with a certain blurred effect, outlines melting and sepia shadings; a vagueness which we modern photographers lament only too frequently when it confronts us in our negative, but which he obtained with great care and trouble, shifting his prints to blur them to the right gradation, as they stood on his balcony to be darkened by the sun.

Into these mechanical pictures he managed to put a great deal of himself and of his age: the grace, the gentleness, weakness perhaps, the absence of unpleasantness or strong dramatic moments, the effort to reach something elusive beyond the actual solids of the landscape, the secret of art, as opposed to documentation.

When I reached the house after the war I found these old pictures, fading away in a cupboard, and the negatives still intact. They brought back a world of my childhood, peas-

ant girls clattering to Saturday market in wooden sabots that clip-clopped where the road wound down between fruit trees until it was hidden by vines. It was a gay little sound that has vanished with the coming of a prosperity which brought shoes for every day and not for Sundays only. The dress too has almost vanished, for only old women now wear the nun-like skirts gathered into solidity an inch thick round the waist; the shaped sleeves and bodice; the black apron; and woollen kerchief loosely laid on with crossing ends or tied below the chin on a cold morn-

ing. You still see them, with pleasant wrinkled faces and shoulders rounded by many years of labour; but young women and girls now take their models from the cinema and the fashions, and free-wheel down the hill on bicycles, past their elders, towards their scattered homes. The war and the possession of foods wanted in black markets has made them prosperous, and the clothes are now better in quality as well as more 'citified' in shape. The hair too is no longer knotted into a tight circle of plaits at the back in peasant way, but treated to a permanent wave and

Southward across the Venetian plain the town looks out from its hill, down which the girls, clad very differently from those in the photographs, "now free-wheel on bicycles past their elders"





In Herbert Young's photographs "the same ingredients appeared over and over again with subtle differences of light and pose". This view from a little window in the Starks' house was one of his favourite subjects



Market days in Asolo have changed noticeably in half a century. (Above) Only the old women still wear the "nun-like skirts gathered an inch thick round the waist" and the woollen kerchiefs on their heads. (Below) Dried cod for Fridays or Lent is sold now as then, but other more healthy foods are available





In 1900, when these photographs were taken, "proud coupled teams" of oxen were a common sight; now they have been replaced by lorries, and ox-carts appear chiefly at vintage and harvest times

occasional set. And the dried cod for Lent and Fridays, and solitary mess of *polenta*, the maize-porridge which used to be the staple diet of the Venetian peasant and the cause of a particular disease, are now supplemented by a great number of other things that make for health. There is no reason for the peasant or for the lover of the peasant countryside to lament the newer age; indeed if any one set of people is to be more prosperous in modern Italy than another, it seems to me that the peasant, laborious, steady, frugal, and attached to his traditions, is the most deserving of reward.

In looking through the old photographs, however, I am less surprised by the changes than by the continuance of so much that does not change. The land of course is the same, and down in the plain one can see the rectangular strips laid out by the Romans in their day, and trace the straight Roman road that once went from fort to fort and now—lost here and there and narrowed between fields—makes from one village church to another, built evidently on the old fortified foundations. These things, like the Saxon or Celtic

fields in England, are only a little less permanent than the mountain lines behind them or the meanders of our little river to the plain. But other and far more unexpected things are still unchanged. The goose-girl is to be seen, watching her yellow-billed flock in a wayside ditch, and the small shepherd lads or shepherdesses still sit among their sheep on the hill. This must be due to some enduring character of the landscape, the absence, probably, of enclosures, which also explains old women strolling by the wayside with their knitting and a browsing cow at the end of a cord. This sight is far less frequent than it used to be, and the peasants now perhaps have grown with prosperity to own more than one cow, and mostly pasture them on grassy slopes in herds.

The ox-drawn carts have vanished off the main roads and a lorry will make its way even among the vineyards or orchards to collect fruit in square baskets and carry it away, while the oxen, reduced from their proud coupled teams to one, or two at most, have to be content with a small local carting of manure except at vintage time or harvest



Beneath the modern changes life in Asolo has an unaltered quality. Even though (right) the shepherd lads no longer bring their sheep into the market, the sight (above) of a shepherdess watching her flock seems to approach in permanence that of the Venetian Alps or the little river which meanders from them across the plain to the Adriatic





"The old lamp still overlooks the street but an electric bulb has taken the place of the wick"

when they come again into their own.

The country life goes on, with only here and there a radio set or a sewing machine imposed on its simplicity. British welfare-minded visitors have told me that the farmers' standard is low and they can scarcely tell its emergence from the mediaeval, let alone its progress in fifty years. Yet on market days the change from the Saturday mornings of the photographs is quite visible to me. The beggars have gone who used to sit in a competitive row below the city gate; their professional lament is heard no longer and only

a few survivals come walking to the kitchen-doors of houses and fill their srips with bread.

The market booths are now mechanized and travel over the countryside from town to town with no midnight trudging of horses over dusty roads, but briskly in the early morning along the tarmac. The wares are more standardized, and pretty things like snuff-boxes of horn, or embroidered kerchiefs for the head, have disappeared. The booths mostly belong to large shops in Padua, whose goods they sell, or Pordenone, whose painted earthenwares have deteriorated during the



"The fountain at our gate would nearly always show a horse drinking" or girls going to draw water

years of Fascism and post-war American inspiration; only the jerry, strangely enough, has kept its fantasies intact and sits, among less intimate crockery, adorned with the garlands and gaiety of fifty years ago.

Shoes from local factories, gay with vivid coloured laces, take up a whole street-side of awnings, where once the wooden sabots showed their varieties of decorated bands; these are now relegated to collections spread on canvas on the ground: household instruments of wood, tubs, spoons, and the carved boxes slung onto belts, where the peasants

keep the hone to whet their scythes, whose drowsy sound comes dull as dreams through the laden afternoon.

There are more motor-cycles around the market-place and fewer beasts than of old, when the fountain at our gate would nearly always show a horse drinking, between copper vessels carried by the girls on a yoke across their shoulders; for water scarcely came into the rooms of houses.

The old lamp still overlooks the street from its bracket; an electric bulb has taken the place of the wick and there is now no need

to extinguish it on moonlight nights so as to save the municipal oil-bill.

The peasants have become politically conscious and have won their municipal elections this year; somehow they must find in their slow ranks a few men capable of running the tiny administrative world of Asolo. They loiter and gather, and stop, with their baskets or with fowls held by the legs heads downward, in their hands, below the city gate as they have always done, to discuss the local

news. The new order may be here, but it is singularly like the old to look at.

Processions on feast days have been slightly mechanized, but they too continue in the same spirit as before, though a slow car—creeping along at a pedestrian rate with loud-speaker on its roof—gives out an *Ave Maria* at intervals. The faithful, shuffling along with candles in their hands, toss about the refrain. In front of the Madonna, carried with honour as is fitting in an economic age, is a cash-box,

“Processions on feast days continue in the same spirit as before, the faithful shuffling along—





—*with candles in their hands* . . . *“the little girls in their white communion veils strew roses”*

blue and white surmounted by two angels, and Monsignor in his robes walks behind; he carries the pyx under a canopy that lurches like a frigate between the windowed houses, decorated with all their hangings and brocades.

In the years after the war it looked for a time as if the ritual were to be forgotten. Candles were dear and scarce, and few lights decorated the Good Friday procession in its darkness; and the old city wall, where snail-shells filled with kerosene and a thread of lighted cotton once made a tiny illumination, now remained blank and dull for years. Communism has brought a renaissance; the church knows the dangers of an empty house, and processions and pageants have come back; the little girls in their white communion veils again strew roses; the bells hammer out their holiday cadence, long lighted candles are carried, and the men in their fine new prosperous black-market clothes gather in chanting hundreds to walk through the streets of their town. The processions are over a mile long and the whole countryside joins them; they wind out from the church, under the municipality and municipal cinema, round the block and across the

square and out by the city wall; and back between old painted houses to the church again. The shop-windows are decked for their passing and a little altar with a sacred image or two and the family photographs put out for a blessing are erected in doorways here and there. The same sort of thing was probably done for Ceres and Jupiter in their day when the town was a Roman frontier-garrison.

It is the unaltered quality below the modern changes which, I think, makes these old photographs interesting. As in the pursuits of travel, as in our experience of human beings when we come to know them deeply, the permanent appearing through what is transitory gives the enchantment. The permanent is rarely disentangled, and the vision of it is no doubt the happiness of Saints. But it is the quest of our lives, and there is a pleasure of discovery even in its most remote gradations; on the selection and discrimination of these gradations our true attainment depends. It is I think for this reason that we are interested in the changes of fifty years, and recognize with a little warmth of delight the things that in half a century have shown the comparative fragile permanence of being still the same.

The Middle Atlas and the Tefilalet

by ROM LANDAU

Mr Rom Landau's Invitation to Morocco (Faber, 1950) was the fruit of extensive travels in that and other Moslem countries, while his biography The Sultan of Morocco (Hale, 1951) is the first to appear in any language. Close to Europe as it lies, Morocco is still less known to Europeans than many more distant lands; the least known part is the region surveyed by his present article

It may seem gratuitous to lump the Middle Atlas and the Tefilalet together as though they were an independent political or ethnic unit. Yet there are several reasons for doing so. Together, these two areas form a distinctive central block of Morocco which differs as much from the eastern regions as it does from territories adjoining the Atlantic in the west. They are also the least known part of the country; and their combined features offer a greater variety of scenery than any other region of Morocco, ranging from sub-tropical to Alpine vegetation, and from desert to snow-covered mountains.

Only in the Middle Atlas will you find monkeys jumping from tree to tree, lynx, gazelle, mouflon, wild pig, even panther, as well as more common game. Its rivers and lakes, abounding with carp, pike, eel and, especially, trout, are a fisherman's paradise. The French are making prodigious efforts to turn certain places in the Middle Atlas into resorts that one day will compete with those of Switzerland. Ifrane, with its steep-roofed chalets and surrounded by wooded mountains, does indeed suggest an Alpine resort rather than Africa, and it offers excellent skiing. Azrou, an older and more interesting place, has become another skiing centre. The inhabitants of the sweltering lowland towns can reach either of these places by car within a few hours, and enjoy the delights of snow and a crystal-clear atmosphere. For the Middle Atlas has a particularly healthy climate, characterized by daytime heat and cold nights. The climate's only drawback is that the spells of complete drought can be very long and that they are usually broken by exceedingly violent rainstorms that occasion great devastation.

The loveliest place in the Middle Atlas is Khenifra, which combines some of the features of the English countryside—runnels of water, weeping willows and an intensely green landscape—with attractions more char-

acteristic of North Africa; a picturesque, beetroot-coloured *medina* (or Moorish town), and an extraordinary wealth of indigenous trees such as eucalyptus, pepper, takaout, the mimosa-like *melia* and every imaginable type of fruit tree.

The outstanding peculiarity of the Middle Atlas lies in its enormous forests of cedars. Though their often impenetrable density prevents individual trees from attaining the size of the few cedars left in the Lebanon, some nevertheless achieve a height of 120 feet. At one time these forests were much larger, but for countless years the Berbers were wont to fell the trees indiscriminately, both for building-material and fuel, and their destructive work was continued when after the invasion of Morocco in 1942 the army used large quantities of cedar-wood for military purposes. Fortunately, the forestry authorities now impose strict controls, and they are also embarking on ambitious schemes of reforestation. The handsome wood of the cedar is much in demand by native builders and carpenters. One of the characteristics of local architecture is the cedar roof; and throughout Morocco you will find ceilings made of cedar-wood, either left plain or carved, or perhaps painted in many-coloured traditional patterns.

However attractive and varied the landscape features of the Middle Atlas, in sheer interest they are surpassed by the inhabitants. Apart from the Riffians farther north, the Berbers of the Middle Atlas are supposed to represent the purest racial group in the whole of Morocco. Since to the present day they have preserved the beliefs and customs inherited from their pre-Islamic ancestors, they offer admirable opportunities for study as a microcosm of the whole mysterious Berber race and its ancient social structure.

We are entitled to refer to the Berbers as a mysterious race, for we are still ignorant of their exact origins and of the explanations of



Rom L.

The city of Tinerhir, on the Todra in the northern Tefilalet, is built in the form of a chain of villages, each shaped as a fortress-like kasbah. The most recent of them, the Caid's (above), is the finest, but is representative of the architectural style of all. Khenifra (right), with its magnificent vegetation and temperate climate, is probably the most delightful town in the Middle Atlas. The River Oum er Rebja separates the beetroot-coloured Moorish town, seen in the distance, from the European town



Rom Landau

their white skin, light eyes and often fair hair. All we can do is to assume that their cradle was in Europe at least 3000 years ago. We know that they inhabited Morocco as far back as the 14th century B.C. when they invaded Egypt. But though their language has certain affinities with the ancient Egyptian, it seems to have been a living tongue prior to their invasion of the Nile Delta. As they embrace innumerable racial variants anthropologists regard them as a linguistic rather than an ethnic group. In fact they themselves do not use the name Berber, but call themselves by the names of their three main racial groups: Imazighen in the Rif, Braber chiefly in the Middle Atlas, and Shleuh in the south. Each of these groups is again subdivided into well-defined sub-groups.

Though more primitive and of lower educational level than the native Arabs, the Berbers of the Middle Atlas are distinguished by courage, integrity and great dignity. As a rule frugal, hard-working and poor, they still manage to display the same superlative manners and generous hospitality that are common to all Moors. Intensely attached to their tribal traditions and jealous of their tribal prerogatives, they have preserved their social structure almost untouched by modern

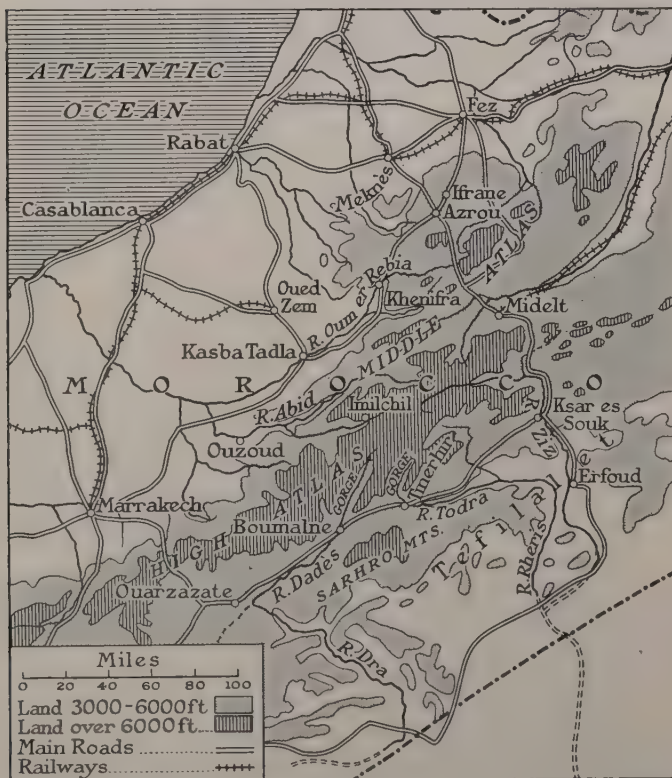
influences. There is much less feudalism among them than among the Shleuh where individual pashas, such as the famous Glaoui, still impose a mediaevally autocratic regime. They conduct their tribal affairs through democratically elected councils presided over by the tribe's caid. Even the caid is not a hereditary chieftain but must be popularly elected. For reasons of their own the French have made great efforts to strengthen their tribal structure, for Berber particularism forms a convenient counterbalance to aspirations toward all-national unity and independence.

The Middle Atlas Berber has remained a nomad, predominantly a shepherd and a farmer, and he still lives in his black tent which has a symbolic worth beyond its utilitarian value as a mere domicile: it stands for an entire philosophy of life, a philosophy of independence and freedom of movement, a philosophy based on the rhythms of recurring natural phenomena.

One night I dined with the Caid Ah Maroq, the most powerful chieftain of the Middle Atlas, in the house built by his father. Like an eagle's nest it clung to a steep mountain-slope several thousand feet up. With its playing fountains and luxurious terraces and

reception rooms, it was as magnificent as any Moorish palace in the lowlands. Yet when the Caid's father felt his last hour approaching he insisted on being carried away from the "prison of his house" into a tent, so that he might die "in freedom". My host was himself a most progressive-minded Moor who drove in a splendid American car and spent his holidays in France. Yet even he was a victim of the nomad's urge for movement—the Berber's synonym for freedom—and could never reside in the same place for more than a few weeks at a stretch.

Whereas the boundaries of the Middle Atlas have been clearly defined by geography, those of the Tefilalet are hard to delineate. Geographically the area occupies the region between the river Ziz and the Sarhro mountains. The administrative province known as the Tefilalet, with its capital at Ksar es Souk, is much larger.



A. J. Thornton



All photographs by J. Belin

Dates are the chief source of the Tefilalet's wealth. There are some 350,000 date-palms in the region, which has 70,000 inhabitants. During the harvest season, in October and November, the ripe fruit hangs from the trees in heavy clusters of shining gold. Moroccan dates, though not inferior in flavour to those of Tunisia or Iraq, travel less well and are mostly eaten in the country of their origin

The cedar forests of the Middle Atlas are among the finest in the world; in places they are so dense as to be impenetrable. In the past hundreds of thousands of cedar trees have been lost through fire or indiscriminate felling, but in recent years new plantations have been established and it is planned to cover most of the slopes with them in order to prevent further soil erosion and to improve Morocco's climate. These forests are particularly beautiful in the spring when the ground is carpeted with wild pink and red peonies





*The cedars of the Middle Atlas (*Cedrus atlantica*) are very similar to their more famous relatives in the Lebanon; they reach a height of over 120 feet with a circumference of 30 feet. The lower mountain-slopes are covered with evergreen oaks (*Quercus ilex* and *Quercus lusitanica*); cedars thrive on heights above 5000 feet. They are slow growers and some are reputed to be 1000 years old. Their aromatic, light-coloured, resinous wood is much used for building purposes and carpentry. Nowadays all the felling of cedar trees is done under the supervision of the excellent Forestry Commission*



(Above) *The Sultan of Morocco's tents, erected during a royal visit to the Middle Atlas. This is the country of the Zayane Berbers who are reputed to form the most homogeneous group of pure-blooded Berbers. In the past they have often opposed the Sultan's predecessors though now they are among the most loyal of his subjects and assemble from all over the mountains to receive him. Exhibitions of horsemanship and 'powder-play', native dances and traditional music (opposite) played on ancient instruments by musicians in time-honoured costumes are staged for the entertainment of the monarch*





The Berber women of the Dadès valley near Boumalne are considered to be amongst the most handsome in the Tefilalet. Each woman bears the tattoo-marks of her particular tribe: a partiality for native jewellery is common to all of them

But to most Moroccans, both Moors and French, the Tefilalet also includes the valleys of the rivers Todra, Dadès and Rheris. I have never yet met two inhabitants of Morocco who agreed on what constitutes the Tefilalet. For the Moors the province's main distinction derives from the fact that it is the place of origin of the Alaouites, the present reigning dynasty, who in the 17th century emerged from the seclusion of Sijilmassa to conquer the Saadiens and establish themselves on the throne of Morocco.

To most Frenchmen the Tefilalet represents as much an idea, or perhaps a dream, as a geographical reality; it is the land of peace and serenity, of a lovable populace, of emerald river valleys and happy oases. It is, in short, the Shangri La of Morocco. A District Officer who has once served in the Tefilalet never gives up his hope of ultimately being posted there again.

I understand this yearning, for neither in North Africa nor in the Middle East have I seen oases or river valleys—usually the two are identical—as beautiful as those of the Tefilalet. The purity of the air and the uncommon brilliance of the light, the contrasts of precipitous rock, sandy plain and sub-tropical vegetation, and the simplicity and modest dignity of the inhabitants—all these together weave a singular spell. Questions of future national independence seldom invade the peace of the Tefilalet, and their absence enhances the impression of completely unworldly serenity.

Yet the Tefilalet's architecture would seem to tell another story. For this is the country of *kasbahs*, those high-walled, turreted, crenellated, fortress-like buildings that are one of Morocco's most typical contributions to building style. In most other parts of the country these mediaeval-looking structures are usually the private abodes of great landowners and caids, and the bulk of the population lives in villages formed by a cluster of individual dwellings. In the Tefilalet every village is built as a *kasbah*, and even nowadays in most of the *kasbahs* the main gate is locked after sunset, when all the inhabitants and their beasts have sought its security for the night, for, like most Berbers, the inhabitants have exalted views of their particular tribal individuality, and so they tend to be unruly.

One of the characteristics of the Tefilalet *kasbah* is that only the caid's residence actually bears that name, whereas the common *kasbahs* that form individual villages are known as *ksour*, or *ksar* in the singular, *ksar* meaning a walled-in settlement.

Though no building could look more impressive and more complex than these *ksour*, they are usually built from mud and straw, and without the assistance of an architect. However, the native 'masons' have preserved a skilled aptitude for their craft since the earliest times, as indeed have so many Moorish artisans who still produce the mosaics and intricate carvings in plaster or in wood, or metal and leather wares in exactly the same designs that were evolved at the zenith of Moorish civilization in the early Middle Ages. In many respects the Tefilalet may stand in need of reform, but every believer in the wholesomeness of individual creative self-expression must hope that the increasing tempo of Morocco's modernization will not bring in its wake a lowered standard of native skills and handicrafts.

The main source of the region's wealth is agriculture or, rather, horticulture; but it is not sufficiently extensive to maintain the considerable number of the inhabitants, as the areas under cultivation are small, and the oases are over-populated. Many of the young men have to make a living as domestic servants in the towns of the north. As a rule the best servants at Rabat or Casablanca hail from Tinerhir.

The Tefilalet's chief product is the date. It enjoys less repute than the Iraqi or Tunisian date, for it appears to travel less well; yet in form and flavour it is unsurpassed. Some experts believe that its defects as an export are attributable not so much to any lack of quality in the fruit as to the present imperfect methods of handling and packing it. For since the Tefilalet was one of the very last regions the French succeeded in pacifying, it is only since 1932 that the region has been affected by foreign technical and agricultural reforms. One aspect of this backwardness in the sphere of agricultural life is the preservation of a rather unexpected feature, namely cooperative farming. Such farming practice indicates that the Moors were exponents of what might be called 'economic communism' hundreds of years before Marx and his doctrines put a new complexion on the matter.

Since the arable land is confined usually to narrow strips along the rivers, cultivation has to be very intensive. As a rule the rivers run through valleys with steeply rising banks from which the soil crust is all too rapidly washed away, leaving sheer rock. The cultivated area is divided into terraces, almost always three-tiered. On the lowest level different kinds of corn and maize are grown; the next level is given over to vines and fruit trees,



J. Belin

In recent years parts of the Middle Atlas, especially near Ifrane and Azrou, have become skiing resorts. Only Europeans have taken to the sport, the Berbers merely acting as equipment-bearers

figs, almonds, pomegranates; the highest terrace is reserved for date palms. Though some of these narrow garden-stretches may belong to individual owners, most of the land is the common property of the villagers who work it on a cooperative basis. The produce is sold in bulk, not however to the State, which has no control whatever over this venture, but to local merchants, and profits are divided. Thus the industry is entirely a matter of private enterprise.

Since several of the Tefilalet rivers run through canyon-like valleys flanked on each side by precipitous mountains, gorges are not infrequent. The most awe-inspiring are

those of the Dadès and the Todra. The Todra gorges are close to Tinerhir, which with its many miles of green plantations and some sixty kasbah-like ksour can claim to be the most beautiful of all the Moroccan oases. Surrounded by almost limitless expanses of dun-coloured rocky desert edged in by mountains, extremely fertile and picturesque, and inhabited by an unspoilt and handsome people, Tinerhir is indeed a delightful place. But the jealous eye of the modernizer is ever alert, and how long will French-sponsored reforms on the one hand, and political awareness on the other, permit so idyllic a state of affairs to prevail?

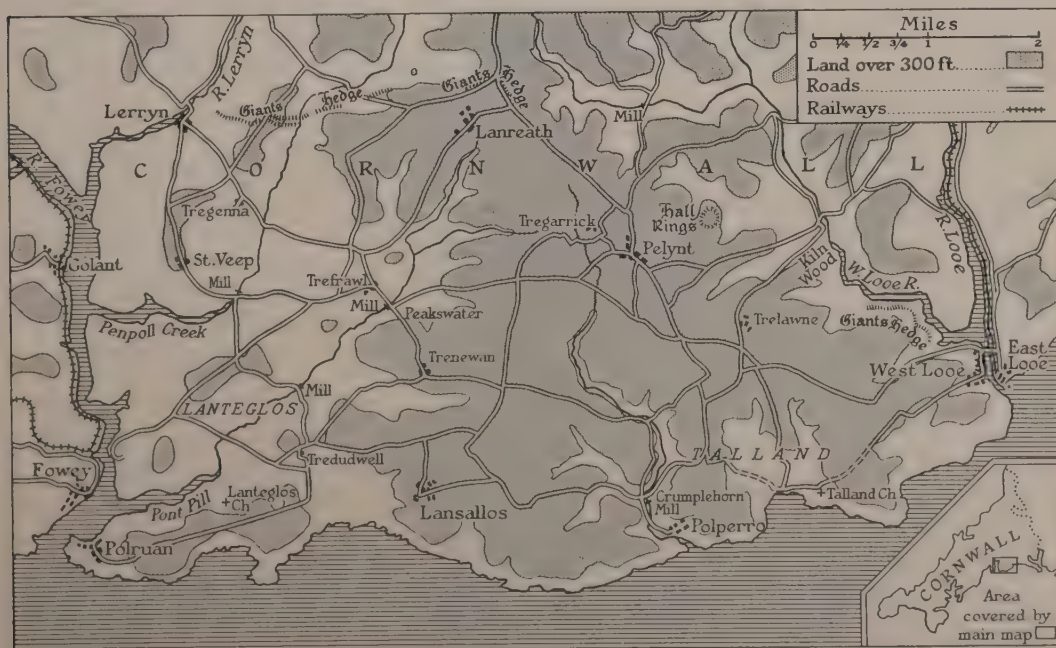
Six Parishes in Cornwall

by GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Readers of Mr Grigson's autobiography, The Crest on the Silver, will be aware of the profound influence exerted on him by Cornwall, especially the neighbourhood of Pelynt where his father was Vicar and where he was born and grew up. The story of this "pocket of parishes" is now his theme

IN south-east Cornwall there is a primitive and uncelebrated monument which probably speaks of the 9th-century intrusion of the English across the Tamar. This Giant's Hedge goes across the hills between the two river or valley systems from Looe to Lerryn. It has never been investigated and was once called—with complete incongruity—a Roman road. Traditionally raised by the devil in a fit of busy idleness, it is possibly a humble cousin of Wansdyke—Woden's Dyke—across North Wiltshire and Somerset, as Wansdyke itself is a humble cousin of Hadrian's Wall. Nowadays it is gapped and worn. But it appears to have been a lofty bank with a ditch—or where it crosses steep land, with no more than an abrupt escarpment—on the north-eastern and northern side, from which cattle raids might be expected from the Saxons already infiltrating into Cornwall. It is with the pocket of lands and parishes between the Giant's Hedge and the sea and between the Fowey river and the West Looe that I am concerned; with a pocket of Cornwall which is now a favourite holiday-ground.

Perhaps these parishes huddled together behind the Hedge, Talland, Lansallos, Lanteglos, Pelynt, St Veep and some of Lanreath, were once a petty chieftain's area, a tribal area like a Welsh *cantref* or its subdivision, the *commot*,² worth defending since it was by no means without its natural wealth of good pasture and arable land. Riding across it centuries ago, Leland remarked on the "very pleasant enclosed ground prettily wooded and plentiful of corn and grass." North of the Hedge there are stretches of higher, more acid and less fertile land. If, then, you stay at Looe or Polperro and wander in this hinterland of parishes, you see a landscape visibly affected by some 3000 or 4000 years of occupation, the basis of which always has been and remains the soil. Most of it stands between 300 and 500 feet above the sea, a stretch of underlying and sometimes protruding Lower Devonian rocks which give new-ploughed fields a rich brown or occasionally a rich carmine. There are many ups and downs, many streams, many valleys with a marshy floor from which bullocks tread out





E. W. Forster

The drowned valley or 'ria' of the West Looe, which, with the Fowey estuary, the sea and the Giant's Hedge, encloses the Six Parishes. The wall in the river surrounds a tidal mill-pool

the fresh savour of water-mint. Richard Carew's description of Cornwall (1601) applies well to this part: its soil "is lifted up into many hills, some great, some little of quantity, some steep, some easy for ascent, and parted in sunder by short and narrow valleys".

Prehistoric peoples of the Bronze Age, Celts of the Iron Age and the Dark Ages, Saxons, Normans, and the most recent invaders, holiday people or retired settlers from the rest of England, have all marked it in various ways. There are groups of Bronze-Age barrows, especially around Pelynt, though you have to look for them, since they are almost smoothed out by centuries of ploughing. There are Iron-Age hill-forts, in most of which there were probably huts within the ditches and ramparts. Of these the most perfect and perhaps in its day the most important, tribally, is Hall Rings near the village of Pelynt, on a spur which gives you a panorama of the patchwork fields and the hills of East Cornwall. From the Celtic Dark Ages you have the Giant's Hedge, the scat-

tered farmsteads, or some of them, with Celtic names, Trefawl, Trenewan, Tregarick, Trevarder, Tredudwell, Tregenna (*tre-*, from the Cornish *trev*, is a township, like the English *-ton*); and the church places, again with Celtic names, especially names beginning with *lan-* from the Cornish for a church enclosure, Lanreath, Lansallos, which indicate a division into parishes before the Normans and before the Saxons. Many other names, especially of outlying farms or holdings brought later into cultivation, are pure English. So are most of the field names. The people, indeed, are more English than Cornish.

Last, to confuse you in exploration, there is an astonishing complexity of deep roads and deep lanes, many of which must be of great antiquity. The sides of the rough triangle measure some eight miles of the Giant's Hedge, nine miles of coast, and nearly five miles of river estuary to the west. Within this narrow space wriggle more than a hundred miles of road and lane. Here, in fact, is a notable way in which the remote and less



Graeme

The Iron-Age occupants of the Six Parishes sought advantageous places amongst their "many hills parted in sunder by short and narrow valleys" to build tribal fortifications, as at (above) Hall Rings near Pelynt. The view northward from this point affords a panorama of the patchwork fields characteristic of Cornwall. (Right) The high earth-and-stone hedges surrounding these fields have closed in upon every track, forming an astonishing complexity of deep, narrow lanes. Each hedge displays "a wild garden of semi-woodland flowers capped with useful faggot wood"



Harry Graeme



Harry Graeme

An early Cornish pattern of settlement in the Six Parishes is marked by scattered homesteads and isolated churches such as that of Lanteglos parish, alone amidst the fields. The name does not come from lan, a church enclosure, but from nant, a valley—nant eglos, Valley of the Church

remote Cornish past affects the Cornish present. Partly to do with the hilly nature of the land and the multiplicity of deep valleys, partly because of the social system of the ancient Cornish, the homesteads were scattered, and nucleated villages on the English plan were rare (behind the Giant's Hedge the only true parochial villages are Pelynt and Lanreath). So tracks and lanes multiplied, joining up the separate homesteads, which themselves were much increased as more and more land was enclosed, especially under the Saxon and the Norman lords, between the Dark Ages and the Black Death.

The narrowness of the roads and lanes, and their depth? That, too, has its explanation. The early townships or farmsteads with the *tre-* names are mostly on bare upland, out of the wooded and boggy valleys. To give animals shelter from the strong sea-winds off the Channel a few miles away and to prevent them straying, the Cornish and their descendants and successors built high earth hedges around each small, irregular, newly made field. The earth hedges persist, each a wild garden of semi-woodland flowers capped with

useful faggot wood for the farm kitchen. At last every track was shut in by the hedges, leaving only width enough for the packhorse which persisted for all farm transport in Cornwall (and for that matter in Devon) until just over a century ago. Hoof followed hoof in the same line, the rain-water carved a single runnel where the lanes, without troubling about the gradient, dived down into the valley. Of all local road systems, this one was least adaptable to wheeled traffic, fast or slow; with consequences that every motoring visitor to Cornwall knows too well—even though the roads have been surfaced and drained and the great hedges have been shaved back here and there or pulled down at blind corners.

Each of the six parishes has an old church. Each church was probably of Celtic foundation by a Celtic "saint" or wandering missionary in the 6th or 7th century. Each was probably replaced and dignified architecturally when the Norman manorial lords brought new energy and organization into this county which a mediaeval bishop of Exeter described as "the very tail of the world". Most of the



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The only true parochial villages in these parishes behind the Giant's Hedge, formed around the nucleus of their churches on the English plan, are those of (above) Pelynt and (below) Lanreath



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Each of the ancient churches in the Six Parishes was probably of Celtic foundation, rebuilt by feudal energy and acquiring final shape in the 15th century. That of Lanreath has a Norman font

six churches were finally reshaped in the 15th century when a wave of church-building went through Cornwall, though here and there you find a few traces in them of Norman stonework, and in two of them, Lanreath and Lansallos, a Norman font, in which the children of the parish have been christened for more than 800 years. Churches are not the only pointers to Norman and feudal energy. Less familiarly regarded in that way are the water-mills which have been refashioned through the centuries.

Domesday Book records more than 5000 mills in England, but there were few in the West. In Wiltshire the Normans found 192 mills. There on the chalky upland grain had been harvested some 3000 years before the Norman invasion. Devon and Cornwall were districts of more acid waste of furze, bramble and honeysuckle, more rock, more woodland, less cornland and less active farming. There were only seventy-three Saxon mills in Devon, in Cornwall no more than six (none of them between the Giant's Hedge and the sea). So the inference is that a small population needed no more than hand-mills—or querns—to grind a small harvest. More land under corn, more people, and water-mills were required—each an inseparable adjunct of the manor. The lord built the mill, you—as a vassal on the manor—had to take your corn for grinding to the lord's mill and nowhere else; and by way of mulcture the lord's perquisite was something like a sixteenth part of your grain. Every feudal manor having its mill, a craft was born and the miller, white in all except his proverbially dishonest ways, became a repertory figure of all the parishes of England.

In the six rock-bottomed parishes there flowed water fast enough and fairly constant enough to turn a score of wheels, most of which were probably working for the manorial lords by 1200 or soon after. Some have disappeared, some are in picturesque ruin, a few even now are working or in working order; one outside Polperro, one in Pelynt, and two out of an original four on the short brook which runs from near Pelynt and Lanreath into Fowey Harbour. Most of the Cornish mills have an external wheel, overshoot from a leat cut into the side of the valley. So they are more picturesque than the mills you find, for example, on the slower streams of South Wiltshire which have a less rapid fall. There the wheels are undershot and are enclosed inside the building. I have read the documents to do with one mill (of which not a stone is left) on the stream to Polperro. The 13th-century builders were monks of a Devonshire abbey which acquired

the manor of Pelynt (a Cornish name probably meaning the "parish of valleys"). Owners of land along the stream granted leats and water-rights for the mill in return for prayers for their souls which were to continue for ever. Centralization and roller-milling (first developed in the grain lands of Hungary by Swiss engineers between 1834 and 1873) have killed water-mill and windmill alike.

Another class of antique in the six parishes, younger but more utterly abandoned, marks a later agricultural advance. These are the limekilns. Several have disintegrated, one or two survive in ivied ruin—a pair of kilns, for example, between the woods and the river up the West Looe valley. They date from the age of 'improvement' in the 18th century when liming the wheat-fields became general. Barges brought limestone across Whitesand Bay from quarries near Plymouth, and the kilns were sturdily built at every convenient point—as far as possible up the tidal waterways of the West Looe or the Fowey or at one of the small inlets, as at Talland Sands or Lansallos beach. Packhorses carried the newly burnt lime up the narrow lanes from kiln to farm, the use of lime replacing to some extent the ancient use of seaweed from the beaches and of sand which had been dredged up off the coast. Industrial centralization ended the local lime-burning as it ended local milling.

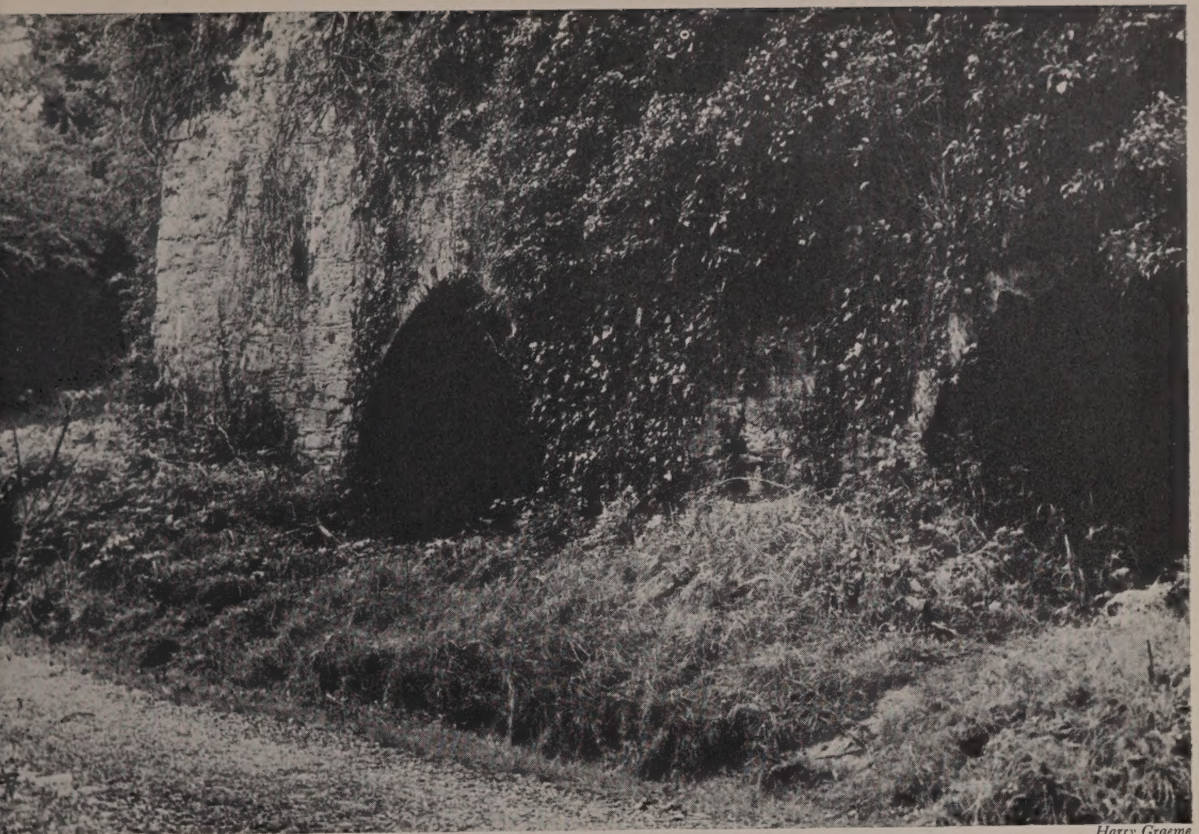
So the tale goes on of how this Cornish area (like so much of the countryside in general) was reduced to the one basic livelihood of farming. Sometimes the evidence has vanished, often it is there for the reading. Two 17th-century fulling mills in the West Looe valley, outliers of the great Devonshire trade in serge, have gone altogether, though the fullers' cottages survive, as well as the dry leats which took the water to the wheels. In packhorse days wicker panniers were needed, so there were local basket-making industries, of which there are no signs now except abandoned osier beds in one corner and another. Two other trades explain the considerable amount of surviving oak coppice up the Looe and Fowey rivers: making charcoal for home use and for Cornish tin-smelters, and, till more recently, 'rinding' the oak saplings to provide bark for local tanneries.

All this mixed evidence from oak coppice to green-haired water-wheel indicates a chief fact: that in past centuries the Giant's Hedge parishes lived more thoroughly off their own resources and so offered less uniformity and monotony of employment. A short while ago the University College of the South-West at Exeter published a survey of



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From feudal times date the water-mills of which a score once existed in the Six Parishes: a few are still working. The mill at Peakswater shows clearly the "external wheel overshot from a leat"



Harry Graeme

A pair of limekilns seen in ivied ruin near the head of tidewater up the West Looe valley. They date from the 18th-century 'improvement' of agriculture with its liming of the wheat-fields

Devon and Cornwall, *Devon and Cornwall: A Preliminary Survey*, 1947. A finding which emerged, and a depressing one, was the degree of recent emigration from the purely agricultural districts, in part because of this lack of diversity in employment. The rural district to which my six parishes belong had lost two per cent of its people in the ten years between 1921 and 1931, a very serious loss if you think in terms of ten decades or more.

But what, you may ask, of the tourist trade? And the coast, which I have not mentioned? Here, when you look back geographically, historically and socially, there has been the strangest reversal. The coast of the area of the six parishes has three seaside places; two of them are now picturesquely famous, Looe (of which the western half is in the area) and Polperro. The third is Polruan. Each, by origin, was a small hamlet of fishermen on the fringe of one of the parishes. West Looe belonged to Talland parish, the spiritual centre of which is the church isolated on the cliff two miles away, with no more company than a vicarage and a single farmhouse. Of Polperro, one portion west of the stream is in

Talland parish, the other, east of the stream' in Lansallos. Polruan goes with the isolated inland church and with the parish of Lanteglos. Though each developed some trade as a port, they continued mean and obscure through the centuries, even though West Looe was anciently incorporated as a borough. Polperro was a huddle of the meanest thatched cottages accessible only by precipitous lanes, so lost in itself that its dialect differed from the speech of the surrounding countryside. There are few references to Polperro in mediaeval records, and hardly a mention of it later till the early 19th-century artists of the picturesque began to tramp through the edges of England. Polruan was—and continues, since it can be reached only by a *cul-de-sac*—a modest sister of Fowey across the water. Many travellers commented in the 18th century on the wretchedness of West Looe (indeed, of both Looes, East and West). Wealth, by comparison, and power lay in the hinterland parishes, in the acres, whose landlords owned or controlled the fishing towns. From Trelawne in Pelynt the celebrated Trelawny family kept



V. Forster

Pixies in Polperro: the triumph of 'popularization'

their fist tight around the miserable little borough which stank of low tide and pilchard pickle. "My lord," wrote a new mayor to Bishop Trelawny in 1703, "I shall carefully observe two things while I am in this station: first, to swear no man of this borough magistrate or otherwise without a positive command from your lordship. Secondly, not to presume to draw up any petition to the Honourable Burgesses of this borough, or any others, on any account whatsoever, without your lordship's direction, instruction and approbation; let the necessities of our town and borough be what they will."

Though fishing has decayed along with the function these small ports had of serving the hinterland with seaborne goods, the position is reversed. The major wealth and vitality are in the coastal towns—certainly in West Looe and Polperro—and in the parishes no longer. Discovered through the new taste of 19th-century romantic naturalism, popularized, equipped with hotels, boarding-houses,

cafés, bric-à-brac shops, having new roads cut into them which avoid the old precipices, well served by buses and given a railhead across the Looe river, Looe and Polperro are tourist centres and residential towns. (Observe, since the Cornish coast was first investigated and made popular by artists, the geographical influence of art, or at least of Cornish engravings in London shops and Cornish coast scenes in the Royal Academy). From the inland parishes the young have been emigrating for years, the population has declined, even though inns flourish and farmers and cottagers take a portion of the visitors drawn by the magnetism of rock, sand and sea. By contrast, in Looe and Polperro the population has gone up.

This dual situation of coastal gain and inland exodus repeats itself through Devon and Cornwall, a demographic mixture of health and ill-health. The loss outweighs the gain.

By 1931 eighty per cent of the English and Welsh lived in towns, twenty per cent in the country. So after 4000 years the net problem of my six parishes is how to check and then reverse a steady depopulation; and how, in our kind of world, to restore to them a viable diversity of occupation, a balanced 'country

life' which is not all ploughing, harvesting and milking. Everything looks well to the visitor. The East Cornishman is alert in the sunshine, the cream is rich, the ferns and the foxgloves are vivid in the hedges, the landscape is comfortably green. But the holiday-maker has a short vision and takes no account of demography. No wonder the surveyors from Exeter demand for Devon and Cornwall a policy courageous, visionary and sensible enough to avert what they call disaster. "The metabolism of the whole organization is seriously disturbed."

Salvation, as they discern it, depends not on more visitors, but on a lasting prosperity on the farms, a farming practice scientifically more adequate than it is, better housing and better services, more buses to the satisfactions of the town, and in the towns themselves, the small country towns, factories of the kind which use skilled workpeople. That is the recipe for keeping the Cornishman more in his Cornwall, the Devonian in his Devon.